MY GUM
A RUBBER BOOTS.

Air ; Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel

Go it rubber boots and save my pantalets,
Who cares for the darned whisker'd beaus.
If they cant see my ankles and other et-cets,
They whirl around and turn up their noses ;
Let 'em turn up their nose-gays when they please,
And turn 'em down again when it suits 'em :
But the live chap that dares at these gum-a-rubbers sneezes
Will catch thunder sure, for I boots him,
Then get out the way, ye femuline gents,
Dont stand there peepin up and grinin ;
We've got on the boots, and we'll soon have the pants,
Hurrah for the masculine vimin.
Chorus.—On this side of jordan we'll sound the jubilee,
That we've got on the boots and we ll soon have &c.

See that nice young man with nose and eyes so blue,
How sadly he sniffles and blubbers,
Let me whisper in your ear, what makes him boo, woo, woo,
He cant see my legs through my rubbers.
Poor dear sweet youth you're in a very bad way.
I pity you much, I confesses,
You've led a gay life, promenadin Broadway,
Peepin under lifted up dresses.
You can peep and be darned, I'll be darned if you cant,
Just take a parting peep up at me,
I'll give you a shilling, I'll be darned if I shant,
If anything alive you can see.
Chorus.----On this side of Jordan we'll sound the jubilee.
For I'll give you a shilling, I ll be darned, &c.

Then hurrah for the ruber-uber boots high up and tall,
Lift up your fainter lawns, and go it,
Big legs, little legs, or us legs at all,
The fellows dog on 'em cant know it.
These gum-a-rubber boots reach clear to my waist,
And fasten tight around with a string ;
There's not a spot from the bottom to the top,
Where anything at all can get in,
Now if any young chap, wants me for a wife,
Let him take a look, and see if I suits,
I take off my hoops every night of my life,
But I sleep in my gum-a-rubber boots ;
Then down with your gaiter b ots, and up with your clothes
Rubbers aint like the road to Jordan,
For the higher up you lift your things, the less you are [exposed,
For the gum-a-rubbers reach up accordin.
Chorus.----So on this side of jordan we'll sound the jubilee,
That the higher up you lift your things the less &c.

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